

FALSE SCHOOL OF HUMOR.

The women who are running from one place of registration to another, rather than reveal their ages to the gossiping neighborhood in which they live, have been driven to it by the guffaws of those fun lovers who regard gray hairs and all other signs of wisdom and worldly experience as fit subjects for ridicule. The great he-haw school of humor loves a shining mark, and indulges in uproarious mirth over everything that should not be laughed at, says New York Herald. In the midst of the disciples of this witless cult it is funny to be married, and still funnier to remain single. It is funny to be fat and equally funny to be lean. A long-haired man is quite as funny as one who is bald. The mother-in-law, who in nine cases out of ten is the real self-sacrificing mother of her brood of grandchildren, is quite as ludicrous in the eyes of those jocular ones as the "old maid," who more than earns her keep by doing the marketing and relieving her married sister of nursery cares. Our national sense of humor is in woeful need of a reformer who will teach us the difference between sacred things and the various forms of vulgarity and pretense that should be laughed out of existence.

The amazing activity of Italian warriors in the Alps seems to continue the tradition Caesar set when in winter campaigns he defied the snow-clad mountains in order to hold or to extend the frontiers of the empire. The Caesar who bridged the Rhine was a brother-in-arms to brave Cadorna, says Philadelphia Public Ledger. The Roman legionaries who live for us in the pages of the Commentaries seem to have their reincarnation in the men who station their guns in the eagle's aerie and convey their wounded over wire ropes across yawning abysses. Who said Italians were degenerate scions of the ancient heroic stock? The war has shown the world no sturdier warriors than these. With the forces of nature herself arrayed against them, they have removed mountains, and in their prowess it is as though Caesar himself were on earth again to defy and finally subjugate the German war lord who has assumed and disgraced the name the great Italian wore who ruled the world.

The United States is short of beef and long on fish. The people of this country eat less sea food than those of any other nation which has available supplies so great as ours. The problem is to save the beef for shipment across the ocean and to consume here the fish which cannot be economically shipped. The country must conserve wheat, too, and eat instead such grains as cannot be sent to the trenches.

Like a good many business men, Uncle Sam is protecting his borrowings—the bonds issued and sold to his own people—by lending at the same rate of interest to his allies. And, to complete the endless chain, the money loaned to the allies is being largely expended in this country, so our own people will get the benefit from it.

Now we are advised that we mustn't use any more starch on our shirts, utilizing it rather for blanc mange and other so-called food products, and we have written our washerwoman asking if this oughtn't to apply also to our union suits, feeling that possibly an appeal on broad patriotic grounds may have some weight with her.

Not the least of our contribution to the allies to excite respectful attention abroad was the consignment of the great American army mule. On all sides was heard the French equivalent of the wish that he would have more power to his kick on the field.

Now someone has invented a machine gun unit, the same being a device whereby one man can control a whole battery of machine guns. More and more does war take on the form of a machine-made thing.

We have not worried about the minimum price theory so far, being confident that old Max will always get our number and the Minl will remain distant while Max is around.

When the daughter has to spend an evening at home alone—just with the family—she decides to go to bed real early and catch up on sleep.

Dispatches from Washington indicate that the crop reports are improving pretty nearly as much as the crops are.

Americans are asked to raise more sheep, and the ambitious flat dweller is looking about for a noiseless folding sheep.

If the male clothing model wishes to make a hit he should appear in khaki—with a license to wear it.

Wholesale prices are steadily going down. You might mention the fact to your grocer.

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His Moods

Mr. Jobson was pulling 'em on. "These danged pants need pressing," he grunted, mildly enough for him. "Yes?" said Mrs. Jobson, surveying "them" critically with her head on one side. "They do need a crease, don't they? By the way, I notice that a tailor and clothes repairer has moved into that little shop down the street that has been vacant so long, and he presses trousers for a quarter."

"Trousers, hey?" barked Mr. Jobson. "Who said anything about trousers? You can dispense with that Bostonese stuff, if you please. I said pants, and pants is what I meant. And what's a clothes cobbler down the street got to do with what I'm talking about, anyhow? I said that these pants needed pressing. I didn't say that they required the services of a tailor. There's an answer to that. Put your mind to work and maybe you can guess it."

"Well," began Mrs. Jobson, "the charge for pressing a pair of trousers and a pair of pantaloons is so—"

"Oh, pantaloons?" snapped Mr. Jobson. "Can't fetch yourself to say pants, eh? Too bad about you, it sure is. Pretty nice—nice all of a sudden aren't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind pants in the least," said Mrs. Jobson with a smile. "One's use of words, of course, is purely a matter of habit. I—"

"Well, you don't have to nudge in any cracks about my use of words, either," cut in Mr. Jobson. "But wait a minute. Stop this business of trying to shut me off on a side line."

"Well, as I was saying," put in Mrs. Jobson, "that new little place where the tailor has moved in is so handy—and only a quarter for pressing a pair of—"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" chopped Mr. Jobson. "Handy, hey? Only a quarter, eh. Picking it kind of soft for yourself these days, aren't you? Getting tired? Suffering from that thing they call the sleeping sickness? Seems to me, now I come to think of it, that 'way back in the antique years, when the world was young and lethysaurians and diplodocuses and flying dragons and things were prowling around, you used to press my pants yourself. Kind of a hard stretch of memory to hark back to this remote period, I'll admit. But I sure do remember, as harking back to some previous incarnation, that you did press my pants a few times somewhere around the glacial epoch. Remember it?"

"Why, of course, I pressed that very pair of trousers—I mean pants—only a week or so ago," replied Mrs. Jobson. "But Mrs. Spunjerine, next door, borrowed my ironing board a few days ago and hasn't brought it back yet, and then when that little tailor moved into the neighborhood—why, I thought that maybe you'd rather—"

"I don't know anything about any little tailors, or big tailors, either," growled Mr. Jobson. "I've managed to stumble along in my mean, ornery, squalid kind of a way for a good many years without any big or little tailors in this neighborhood to hold up my hands or guide my footsteps, and I guess I'll try to plug along without such assistance from now until the finish. The point is this: Am I to understand from your harping upon the contiguity of this 'little tailor,' as you call him, that you flatly, firmly, absolutely and unqualifiedly refuse, decline and reject the idea that you're ever going to press another pair of pants for me? Is that, pray, the impression that you are seeking to convey?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Jobson, smiling again. "It's not the least trouble in the world to press your trousers, only I thought that when they can be pressed so conveniently and inexpensively—only 25 cents—"

"That's the nine millionth time you've roped in that reference to 25 cents," snorted Mr. Jobson. "Can't you think of any new stuff? Why have you got to chirp and chirp and chirp on a phrase once you get started on it? But, since you're such a parakeet with reference to that 25 cents thing, permit me to say this: It's not a matter of 25 cents at all. It's a matter of principle. It's a matter of whether you are going to gradually give up doing so much as a hand's turn for me. It's a matter of whether you are going gradually and—as you, no doubt, hope—imperceptibly to withdraw from all the useful activities of life around here, so that you can have all of your time to sit with your hands in your lap, staring at the wall or else reading fiction junk that I wouldn't be found dead with on the eastern branch mud flats, and thus leave me to shift entirely and absolutely for myself. I beg to inquire if that is the little game you're seeking to put over. Because, if it is, why—"

"Nothing, of course, could be farther from my thoughts," interpolated Mrs. Jobson. "As I say, such little pressing as you require—as your clothing requires, I mean, of course—is no task at all, only naturally I thought that you would prefer to have a tailor, who has a big iron and all the appliances for pressing, and who charges only—"

"Only a quarter—there you go again!" cut in Mr. Jobson, beginning to hop about the room. "Danged if it isn't maddening the way you women chew and chew and munch and masticate a bunch of words once you get them rattling around back of your teeth. And let me tell you once more, if you can understand plain English speech, that it isn't the matter of the handiness, either. When it comes to that, it's pretty handy to have my pants pressed right in this plant, if I can get away with having it done. But, of course, if you're curious on an old

that stuff, if you've made up your mind to buck and kick. If you've decided that you just won't render any little services of that sort for me any more, why, of course, that puts a different complexion on things, and I—"

"Let's not talk about it any more," mildly suggested Mrs. Jobson. "You know very well that I've never left off doing your pressing for you. I only suggested the tailorshop down the street. Of course, if you don't care to patronize the little tailor shop for your pressing, I'll—"

"Oh, that's it, go ahead and make a martyr of yourself about it!" snapped Mr. Jobson. "Pull that slow-music stuff on me. Look abused. Look imposed upon. Look bullied and bullied-rigged and cowed and all like that. Fine. Looking cowed is the best little thing to do. But you're not going to get away with that cowed gag this time, let me tell you that. I don't consider that I'm brutalizing you or separating you from the higher and nobler or robbing you of your frame, or anything like that when I gently request that you see to the occasional pressing of my pants. There are thousands of men in this town who can buy me and sell me and send me to the slag heap when it comes to possessions who don't make the least bones about having their wives press their outer garments for them, and I'll bet that in all Washington, this morning, there isn't a woman, either, who puts up such an ungodly howl, such an unearthly wail-of-a-lost-soul squeal over doing a little pressing for her husband as you do. As a matter of fact, I'll bet—"

"Can't you wear some other pair of trousers today and leave those behind for me to press?" suggested Mrs. Jobson to create a diversion.

"No, I can't, and, what's more, I wouldn't if I could," growled Mr. Jobson. "It's a heap you care, anyhow, whether my pants are pressed or not. You'd as leave see me hiking around this town looking like a bulgy, down-at-the-heels, unbrushed, unkempt, unpressed slob as not. But look here. Since you're bent on putting up that martyred map and looking sad and sweet over this little business I'll make a little proposition to you: 'I'll pay you to press my pants, see? You say it costs 25 cents to have pants pressed at that little tailor's down the street that you're plugging so strongly for? All right. I'll make it four bits—50 cents. Every pair of pants that you press for me henceforth will set me back half a dollar. I'll be glad to dig up just to keep peace in the family. I'd rather pay \$4 per press for pants than to have you mooching around here with that dismal, abused, outraged expression of countenance. So just remember: Fifty cents for every pair of pants that you put a crease in for me. Get that? Four bits. Then you won't be abused. You won't have to gloom and growl around as if somebody was engaged all the time in throwing lumps of anthracite at you, and then Mr. Jobson bounced down the stairs to the breakfast table and the matter, for that morning, was closed."

Mr. Jobson was in a fine, whistling, chirpy mood when he got home that evening. He even went so far as to chuck Mrs. Jobson under the chin when he entered the vestibule and to tell her that her skin certainly did look fine. He changed into his knock-around-the-house clothes as soon as he came home, and Mrs. Jobson picked up the trousers that he took off and started down to the basement with them.

"What's coming off now?" sang out Mr. Jobson, cheerily. "Whatcha going to do with those pants, my dear?"

"Press them while the iron is hot," replied Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, no you ain't," said Mr. Jobson, taking the trousers from her. "Not on your daguerreotype. I guess you've earned a rest from all that sort of thing after all these years. I'm not going to have any woman connected with me pressing pants for me when I can get that job done for two bits by a little Polack tailor right down the street—not much. Wouldn't think of such a thing. I may be a curmudgeon and all like that, but I guess you've done your last pressing stunt, my dear, and, say, get your duds on and we'll go downtown and have some dinner, and I've got some theater tickets, too, and we'll riot around a little tonight. Press pants for me any more? Huh? I reckon not! Well, I should say not!"

Mrs. Jobson came near falling down under the blow. But she knows perfectly well that tomorrow, or the next day, or next week some time Mr. Jobson will have some more observations to make about women who are too "tired" to do a little pressing for their husbands.—Washington Star.

Our idea of an optimist is the author who thinks he will amount to something just because he can sell his productions to a modern magazine.

Another reason why a bride does not buy many clothes for her trousseau is because a spitoon always looks attractive in the parlor.

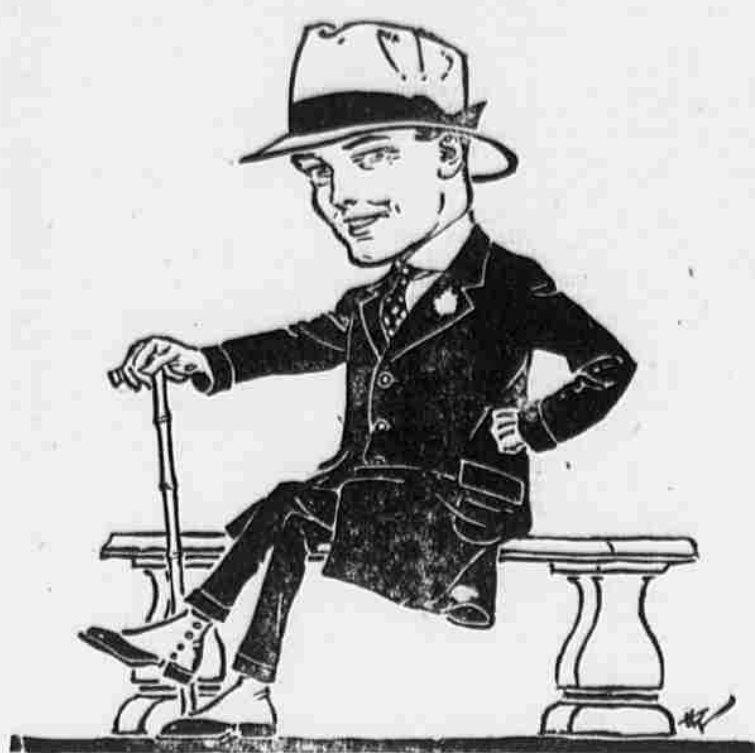
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for directory and testimonials.

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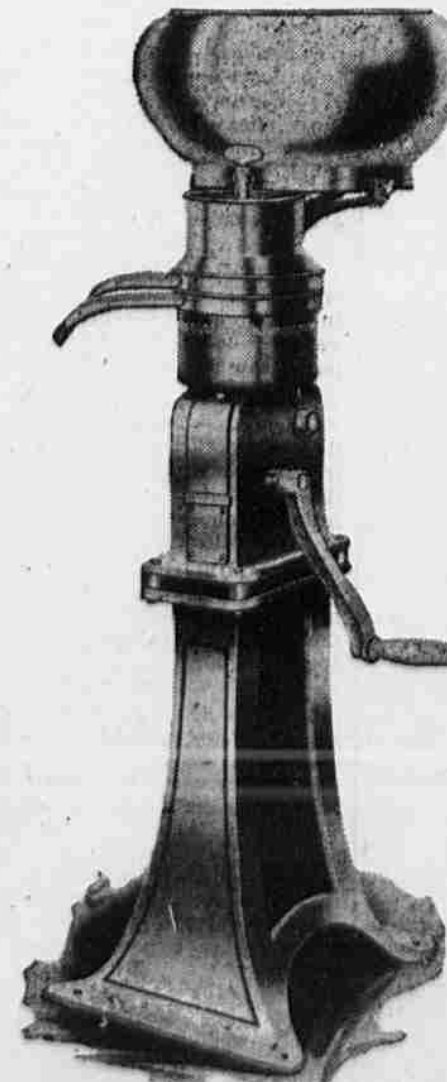
NOTICE OF INSOLVENCY

On the 23rd day of August, in the year of 1917, the Probate Court of Mahoning County, Ohio, declared the estate of Ella H. Cook, deceased, to be probably insolvent.

Creditors are therefore required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance, within six (6) months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment.

LEWIS, A. REES, Executor, of the last Will and Testament of Ella H. Cook, Deceased.
August 28, 1917.

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